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PHOENIX COMPETITION WINNERS

WIN NICK CAVE SELF-PORTRAITS

MELODY MAKER

JULY 2, 1994 75p

NEWS SPECIAL
FESTIVAL SHOOTINGS
See page 4

Land of dope and glory

GLASTONBURY '94

BLUR • RAGE • BJORK • MANICS • BEASTIES • OASIS
WELLER • TINDERSTICKS • PULP • BOO RADLEYS
TRANS-GLOBAL • RADIOHEAD • ECHOBELLY
& A CAST OF THOUSANDS GO WILD IN THE COUNTRY

L7 ★ THE FALL ★ SALAD ★ THE RAINCOATS ★ THE LEMONHEADS

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GLASTONBURY PIC – Photograph by Stephen Sweet

GLASTONBURY '94

Top bands, top hats, drums, Es, trees (learning how to be one), trees (getting completely out of yours), Thai curries, toilet hell, the healing field (in that order) . . . yes, it's the GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL. Over 80,000 of you were there and so were we. We ordered TAYLOR PARKES, DAVID BENNUN, IAN GITTINS, SARAH CHAMPION and SIMON PRICE to, er, 'avalon weekend in the bucolic battlezone, while STEPHEN SWEET, STEVE HALL and TIM PATON got the shots

THE T-SHIRT PREMIERSHIP

1. The Levellers (*Champions*)
2. Blur (*UEFA*)
3. Ned's Atomic Dustbin (*UEFA*)
4. Nirvana
5. Carter USM
6. Faith No More
7. Pearl Jam
8. Oasis
9. Ja-m-es __ __
10. Eat Static (*Rel*)
11. Dinosaur Jr (*Rel*)
12. Bob Marley (*Rel*)

From a random survey of 100 shirts

GENERATION OF SWINE

I BLAME the parents.

I can understand – *just* – a nine-year-old's first-time thrill at all this; helium-filled hippos, people wheeling crucifixes about, fire breathers on stilts . . . but when one absolute Play School presenter of a mum tries to teach her brood to juggle – officially *the* most useless skill ever – they don't look very thrilled to me. Within minutes, they've sneaked off to climb on scaffolding and pretend to be characters from "Streetfighter II". (In totalitarian regimes, circus performers are conscripted and eradicated. Maybe Western liberties *are* overrated.) Then I see a baby-faced 19-year-old with a beard. A bastard *beard*. A big one, too. He sits and smiles benignly at his friends. They've got beards, too. They all look so young, too young to develop the spiritual ulcer that a beard suggests. I want to grab them and shake them and scream "*WHAT* ARE YOU DOING???!!!" Nearby, a girl of about the same age in an ankle-length skirt dances, eyes blissfully closed, to a folk band apparently powered by exercise tandems. But maybe there's hope. Maybe one day they'll see the error of their ways and get some proper clothes and some Pulp records.

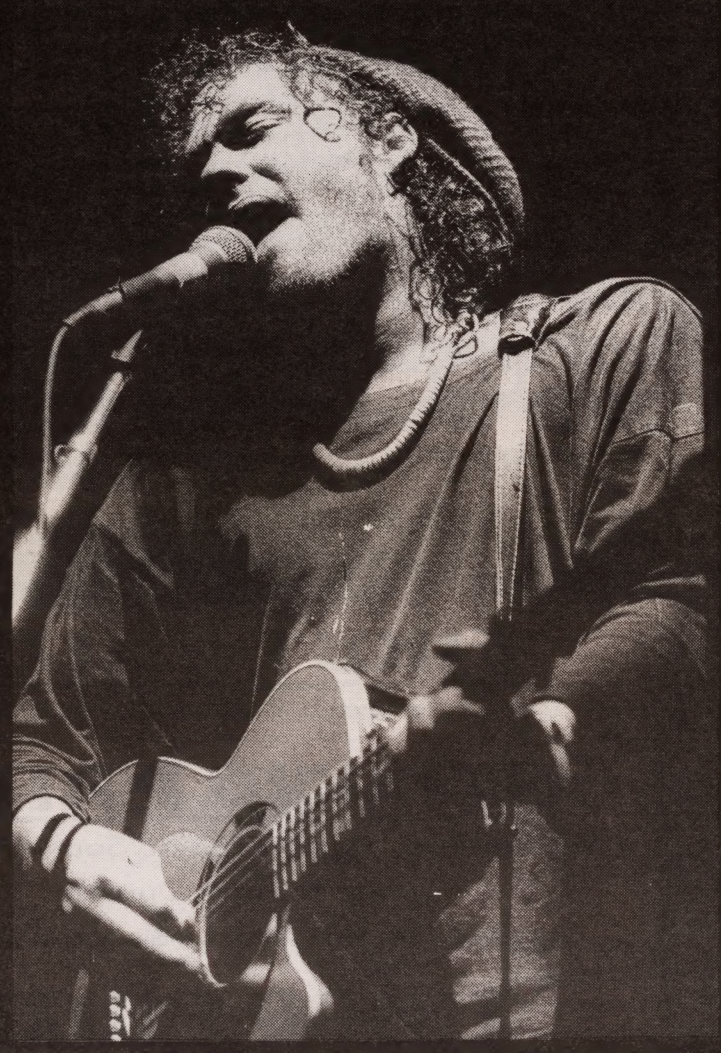
If you're 49, however, there's no excuse. I've lost count of the number of living specimens of The Modern Parents from Viz and Mr Van Driessen, the hippy teacher from "Beavis & Butt-Head". One beardo stands in a corner singing, "*Just for today there'll be peace on earth/Let's start praising her instead of preparing for war*". I ask you, what sort of example is *that*?

Don't get me wrong. I'm trying hard not to turn into one of those essentially liberal, vegetarian, Guardian-reading etc people (*but you* are, *Blanche, you* are – *Ed*) who use "liberal" as their favourite mock-controv term of derision. Sure, Kill The Bill and that. To paraphrase Voltaire, I would defend to the death the right of this subculture to like shite music, hold hopelessly nebulous opinions, do silly dances and teach their children to juggle. But if we're raising a generation who believe Chumbawamba are the greatest band in the world, just don't expect me to *like* them.

SIMON PRICE

MAIN STAGE – FRIDAY

The Levellers



I ARRIVE just in time to be told that BLIND MELON have been booed off the stage. Their place is taken by a woman from (I think) Greenpeace, who tells us that if we diverted the British defence budget, we could have a Glastonbury every day of the year, which she says would do the environment no end of good.

While I wasn't looking, SAINT ETIENNE became an admirable live band. This discovery puts me in a fine mood, but it is not to last. Another woman, this time from Amnesty International – or maybe it's the same woman on inter-charity loan – appears and makes an impassioned and moving plea to the organisers not to bring on THE SPIN DOCTORS. To no avail. A bag of bones held together by facial hair totters forth and cheerfully bores the Bejesus out of us. The pit looms. How can this possibly get more turgid? And then, the masterstroke. A sax solo. You cunning, cunning fiends.

It would be a lie to write that The Spin Doctors elevate boredom to an artform. They do nothing to boredom. They neither process nor refine it. They simply channel it. They are a conduit for torpor. They suck in and blow out all that it is grey, wretched and porridge-like about Seventies rock. I may have spent a duller hour, but never while conscious.

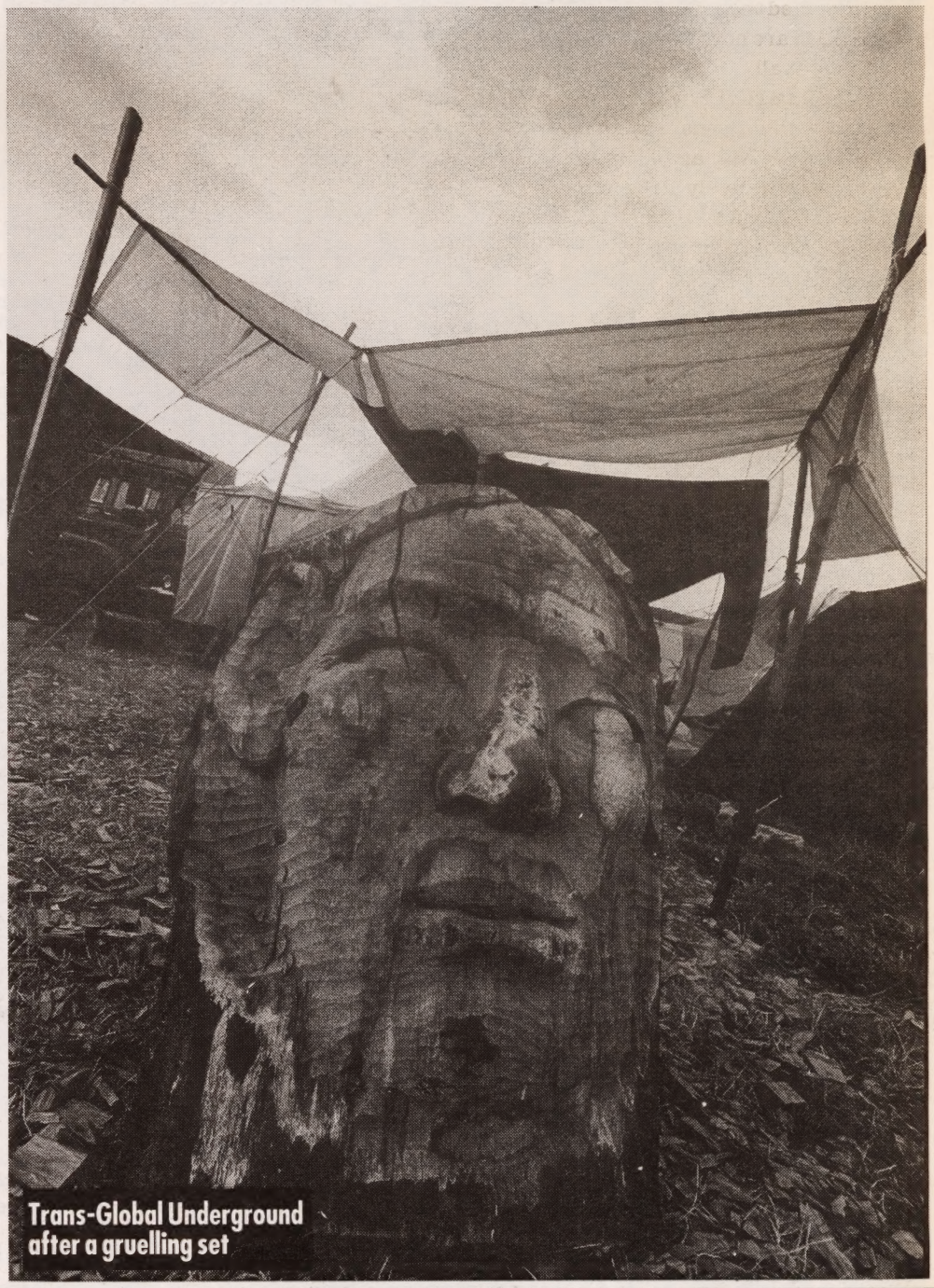
There is a curious breed of radicals – best exemplified in this country by the Revolutionary Communist Party, the people who try to flog you the oxymoronic Living Marxism outside Sainsbury's – who will, when faced with a complex political situation involving a wide selection of vile bastards, invariably side with the vilest bastards available. The RCP, for instance, back the IRA and the Bosnian Serbs. RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE choose to support The Shining Path, grim, relentless, murderous and Marxist opponents of the unsavoury (but elected) Peruvian regime. I can only put this habit down to militant machismo: my rebels are harder than your rebels.

"*Burn, burn, you're gonna burn,*" runs one Rage mantra. They radiate the unshakeable fervour of religious zealotry; the sinner (reactionary) shall surely perish amid the fire come Armageddon (the revolution). Rage proselytise with the bonfire brilliance of the fiercest evangelist. The astonishing Tom Morello is a true guitar hero, daubing pinpoints and scars across Zak De La Rocha's inspiringly vague rhetoric.

Dee Plakas of L7 joins Zack onstage. They headbang at one another, smiling, across the microphone – the Donny and Marie of radical rock. Then they knock each other over. This is high, if unintentional, comedy, on a day that could sorely use some.

After a long vendetta, THE LEVELLERS and I seem to have found some common ground. We are united in our revulsion at the Criminal Justice Bill. Sleazy Tory legislation usually results from one of two scenarios – the triumph of dogma over pragmatism or the triumph of befuddlement over everything. This is worse. It is a cheap, desperate and misguided attempt to win votes at the expense of our everyday liberty. It is beneath most of the things that are usually considered beneath contempt. I would therefore like to state that I wholeheartedly support any action The Levellers take against it, short of playing their bog-awful music.

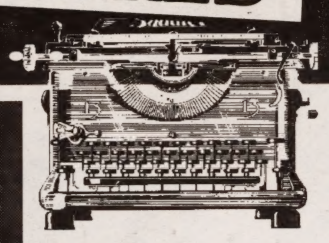
DAVID BENNUN



Trans-Global Underground after a gruelling set

The rumour mill.

SOLAR-POWERED



ACCORDING to **CHUMBAWAMBA**, anyone drinking backstage instead of watching them is a "tosser". Which is really funny, right, because at that exact moment your Maker is in the backstage bar exclaiming precisely the reverse to anyone who would listen.

Here are some of the things we *think* we witness through the bottom of an (opaque) paper beer glass.

A kite in the sinister form of a bat hovers overhead. Within seconds, an orange-vested steward sprints over, yelling "Forget it! Absolutely no kites!" At the end of the bat's string a crestfallen **NICK CAVE**, er, *releases* it. He is later seen actually playing *soccer*. We've got the photos to prove it.

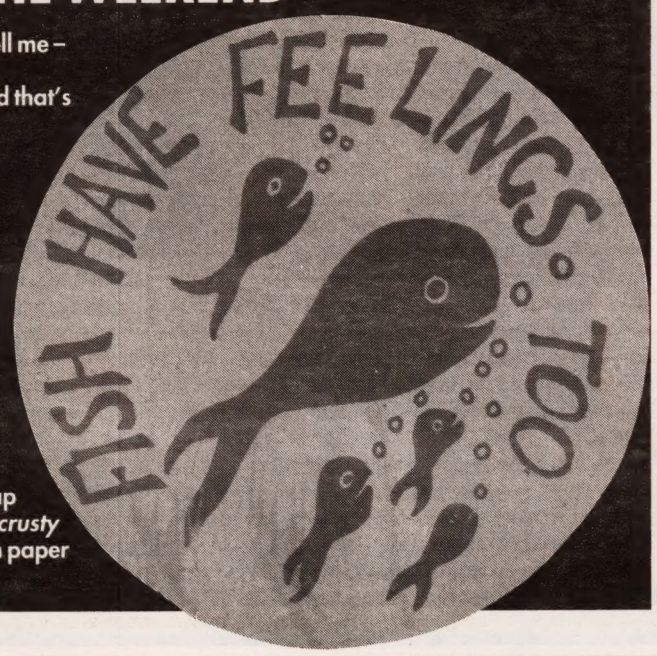
A worried circle gathers around a sunbaked, airless car. "Alex, you'll die!". A bleary **NIGHTINGALE** (son of **ANNIE** and friend of **BOBBY GILLESPIE**) flops out onto the turf. An emergency helicopter has to be called when the distraught *mauvais viveur* is informed that **PRIMAL SCREAM** are not actually playing at all.

The **BEASTIE BOYS**, seconds before a TV interview with **KATIE F***RIK**, are shocked to be pushed rudely aside by **SARAH CRACKNELL** and **PETE WIGGS**, who announce – shades on, of course – that "We don't normally do interviews, but **THE ETIENNE** will only talk to Channel 4." Wiggs subsequently insists on being addressed only as Wheat Pigs.

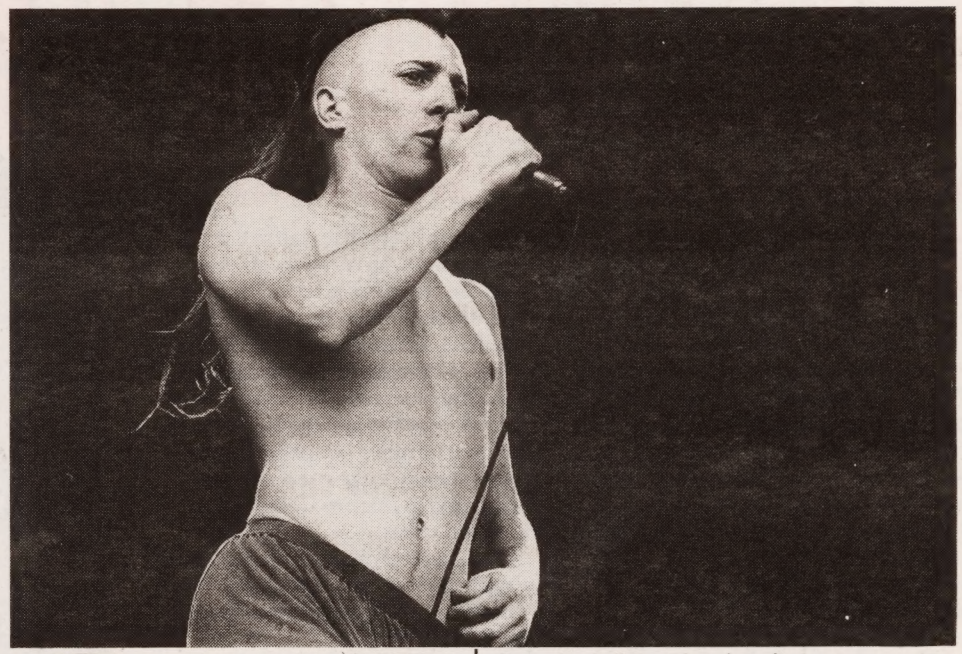
JARVIS COCKER, who has never seen **"BEAVIS & BUTT-HEAD"**, can't work out why everyone laughs idiotically when he says he's off to pitch a tent.

SAYINGS OF THE WEEKEND

F*** you, I won't do what you tell me – *20,000 people*
There's only one way of life, and that's your own – *20,000 people*
Baaaa. Baaaa. Baaaa – *20,000 people*
"Going Underground"!!!
"Eton Rifles"!!! (*during Paul Weller's set*)
We are the Mods!
(*during Paul Weller's set*)
We are the Mods!
(*during Blur's set*)
I demand some booze – *paper cups in beer tent*
Fish have feelings too – *Animal Liberation Front sticker*
Fack me, there's some facked-ap lookin' people 'ere – *unnamed crusty*
Does anybody want any brown paper trousers? – *unnamed crusty*



SECOND STAGE – FRIDAY



OH GOD. I'M SUPPOSED TO feel a sense of community with all these people. Shit. Better watch some bands.

OK. A friend says that if you could sniff amyl nitrate up your dick, it would feel like a **LUSCIOUS JACKSON** record.

So, if you were poised to do just that, dropped the bottle and spilt it all down your trousers – well, I suppose that's Luscious Jackson live. It's something in the sugary sass and impossibly saccharine textures wreathed around bumping shag-beats that make "In Search Of Manny" such a wonderful hybrid of Altered Images and The Sugarhill Gang, the most deliciously plastic album this side of "So Tough". A record that makes you want to knock your own teeth out and get them replaced with caps. Because caps look so much whiter.

So, once shorn of that sweet production, they're little more than a husky pop-rock band, at times uncomfortably close to that piss-boring clutch of talentless hell-hogs The Breeders. We got Pekingese when we wanted Dalmatians. Damnation. So I walk around for a bit and look at some tossers.

Now then: **L7**. "If you've got nothing good to say", runs the maxim, "say nothing at all."

I just caught the end of **TOOL.** (Perhaps when I reveal that my reviews editor is behind me giggling like a small boy over some perceived innuendo in that last sentence, you'll get a better feel of this year's festival than you could from 3000 words of earnest copy. Seems the moral panic over "Beavis And Butt-head" was justified after all.) Lots of boys shoulder-barge each other, are knocked sideways, then overbalance into complete strangers behind them holding pints of beer they payed £3 for. As usual. Because, like, that's what you do when people play this kind of music. God, I'm depressed.

"This kind of music", incidentally, is Cult American Rock. Guitars and shit. Today, Tool are evidently adopting a minimalist approach, leaving out the guitars. Ha ha.

Someone good must be on in a minute.

The field fills up with people with socks on their heads. Ah, good. The arrival of "phat dope-beats" is, it seems, imminent.

So, Adam from **THE BEASTIE BOYS** stands stage centre and yells, "All right, we gotta sort something out. We want you to move, you know what I'm sayin'? We want you to get involved, help each other out . . ."

I haven't got the faintest idea what he's talking about. Besides, I'm standing next to a 15-year-old crusty. I don't want to help him out. I think of when crusties used to be called "travellers", before they had to change their name since hardly any of them go anywhere now – Christ knows what lifelong converted-ice-cream-van dwellers make of half the spoilt sixth-formers in Britain showing solidarity with the traveller community by adopting the one facet of traveller life that is not only irrelevant, but that no one in their right mind would choose if they had any say in the matter: the clothes.

Since they all live in places like Sussex and Buckinghamshire, rather than a draughty van without a shower in it, I can only assume that these people actually think they look really cool in green. Wilfully unwashed. With fish droppings all over their head).

"Yeah", continues Ad cheerily, "we want you to get into it."

Above us drifts a hot air balloon emblazoned with the words "Stop Global Warming" – kept buoyant by an enormous tank of burning paraffin. It starts raining. Oh, for f***'s sake. I mean, you know, we invented buildings for a reason.

This is sort of the Beasties' problem – if it's possible to "get into" Glastonbury, then surely that involves buying shoes with unpleasant "psychedelic" patterns painted on them that you'll never wear again, not standing 40 feet away from people with short hair trying to make tight, claustrophobic music kick in starlit Somerset arable land.

THE BOO RADLEYS fare better, of course. For one thing, their rich, tumbling drug-pop makes perfect sense while watching quicksilver slop across the June night skies. For another, The Boos' obvious obsession with living out the Sixties for themselves, here and now – which should by rights be indefensible but is actually quite touching – means that, just as it was clear on "Naked City" the other week that, in the world behind Martin Carr's shades, this was "Ready Steady Go", tonight it may be drizzly and crusty-stuffed out here, but up there it's Monterey in their hearts.

The rain eases off, and hundreds of anti-aquatic punters return, in time for "Lazarus" to upstage the moon. "The Levellers have got a big f***ing truck", announces Sice, "but we're not big enough to have a truck, so we're gonna piss up the side of theirs." Chap.

THE PRETENDERS play last, but f*** them. I've waited 12 months to write about **MANIC STREET PREACHERS**, and, now the time's come, I get 150 words that have to have jokes in. Shit.

Simply, tonight the Manics are – I swear – the most sensational f***ing rock group in the world. Three of my best friends are reduced to tears. Others just dance like bastards. Their introductory fanfare is the rising, ripping hum of a running lathe; "Faster" announces itself, James screams from behind his scary terrorist balaclava, and hundreds of kids high on the dangerous mind-bending drug LSD shit themselves and run for the healing tent.

"From Despair To Where" and something that looks very like water starts pouring through the roof, hitting the amps. F***, they're going to die. A friend and I glance at each other, heads full of headlines. And we're grinning.

"Let's have some more bypasses through this f***in' shithole," spits Nicky Wire; "Motorcycle Emptiness" happens. I feel a searing pain in my palms, look down and see ten bright cuts the size of my fingernails.

The Manics' triumph is that, when they could have been the full stop at the end of rock'n'roll, they chose to be a question mark. As "You Love Us" ends, James spreads his legs, throws back his head and solos interminably, and the beauty of it is that you don't know what the f*** you're supposed to think.

He shouts something into the crowd as they leave, something almost totally obliterated by the screams of a thousand boys who've just looked at Richey and decided to be homosexual for an hour.

I think it was "I hate you". But I could have been wrong.

TAYLOR PARKES

GLASTONBURY '94

MAIN STAGE – SATURDAY

I'M STUCK IN THE HOTEL. The hotel is half an hour from the site. There are no mini cabs for an hour and a half. Clicking my fingers irritably in my room, I switch channels at the end of "World Cup Hall Of Fame" and discover to my delight that Channel 4 are showing live highlights of the festival. I peer out of the window: it looks like rain. Hmm. I feel my journalistic integrity quiver, yet remain lion-hearted, order a cab and settle down in front of the telly.

However. I'm terribly sorry, JAH WOBBLE AND THE INVADERS OF THE HEART, but, erm, I didn't get any "Visions Of You", since Channel 4 decided that you weren't important enough to put on the telly, plumping for yesterday's rather lovely Saint Etienne set instead. Oh well, these things happen.

They did, however, treat us to live coverage of GRANT LEE BUFFALO. Cheers.

If I ever met anyone uglier than the lead singer of Grant Lee Buffalo (resplendent this afternoon in a fetching NWONW track suit top), I suppose my subconscious must have written it off as a Traumatic Childhood Experience and neatly erased it from my memory. This man is a freak.

And he's called Grant Lee Phillips, right? So he thinks, "Hmmm, what's big and strong and all-American? I've got it – a buffalo!" Yeah, and what's grey and hairy and stinks?

Grant Lee Buffalo. The men who took the "ry" out of country.

I make the site in time for RIDE. Never been quite sure about Ride. They always reminded me so much of the 10-a-penny boys who used to drink in the same sort of pubs as me – funny, likeable pop fans with trendy Sixties fetishes and pretty girlfriends – that I could never take seriously the idea that they were supposed to be fey, consumptive poets with stars in their mouths. I also always thought that most of them were c***s who never got their round in.

Today, Ride don't do much to clear up this confusion; thinking about it, today Ride don't do much, full stop.

I'm always suspicious of bands who see themselves as part of some sort of "classic tradition"; the way I see it, the second you place yourself in any kind of lineage, you instantly wipe out your chances of creating anything with one tenth of the worth of the groups you're aping. Whereas The Boo Radleys sound possessed by Sixties pop, and forge something unique from the tension that ensues, Ride have always seemed like dabblers, not to mention cowards – a bit of feedback here , harmonies there – too scared to deviate from the formula, as if they're terrified of discovering that they don't actually have any f***ing ideas.

Some nice tunes, though.

DWIGHT YOAKAM. Shite Yoakam, more like. I once had a dream in which I was watching Dwight Yoakam on stage – I rolled up bits of newspaper and threw them at him, trying to knock his stetson off.

GALLIANO's set is made slightly less tedious than over an hour of sickly, acid jazz has any right to be by the fact that, halfway through, an enormous Criminal Justice Bill protest march (at least, I presume it was enormous; it's rather easy to cheat at Glastonbury when it comes to drumming up support for your cause, since all you have to do is step onto one of the teeming thoroughfares holding a placard and it looks as if everyone walking behind you is pledging solidarity) comes through the gate and realises that the field is, bafflingly, far too full for them to get in.

Unfortunately, the back end of the party is still striding forwards, cheerily oblivious to the hellish, but rather amusing snarl-up at the front. Much chaos ensues: people falling over each other, small children being trampled underfoot, suffocation, etc. As it's too tricky to turn around and go back the other way, the leaders have no choice but to plough through the entire audience, holding enormous banners fixed to inconveniently long wooden poles, and having to listen to Galliano for the full duration.

Someone I met on site now owes me £10 for getting through this review without using the word "goatee". It was tough, I'll grant you that.

NICK CAVE seems chirpy today. Backstage earlier this afternoon, he enjoyed a nice game of footie, managing to hoof the ball through someone's sun-roof. That wacky festival vibe has obviously hit the former Prince Of Darkness rather hard: "You're on drugs," he chuckles from the stage, pointing deep into the crowd. "Oh, yes you are."

The All-New Bad Seeds Revue continues apace as some cheeky punter heckles the band, and Blixa "Red Nose" Bargeld leans over to the mic: "Get the knife, Nick. . . heh heh heh . . ."

What makes all these madcap antics seem so bizarre is the fact that The Bad Seeds sound murderous tonight, matching the Manics for sheer f***ing menace. "City Of Refuge" is still getting heavier after six years; "The Mercy Seat" has already assumed the weight of an asteroid.

Also, in many ways Cave is in his element here, playing to a crowd so huge and distant he can't make out their faces, playing the hits and thanking them politely – Fat Elvis at last. The applause is monstrous, anyway, and it lasts for over two months.

I'm still not entirely sure quite why I choose to love PAUL WELLER, yet obediently loathe Lenny Kravitz. I mean, there's not a lot between them, when you think about it.

I suspect it's something to do with the fact that, quite honestly, I don't give a toss about Weller's songs. Rather, it's the stuff of the sound that appeals, the dappled ripple and small glow – soothing, not too oppressively tasteful .

Which might explain why it sounds so glorious this evening – inert and slack-jawed, one does tend to respond rather well to a few breezy tingles.

It might also explain why ELVIS COSTELLO irritates me so much. This, chaps, is "pure songwriting" – that is, music you're not supposed to talk over, you're not supposed to take drugs to and you couldn't possibly have any kind of sex to; chance and possibility sacrificed to the greater glory of THE ARTIST. Perfect for Glastonbury, then.

A meaty drumbeat: Elvis goes "Hey-ay!!!" – the crowd go "Hey-ay!!!" Elvis goes "Hey-ay!!!" again. The crowd go "Hey-ay!!!" again.

Oh, this is bollocks.

Next to the stage, a huge Greenpeace "alternative NRG" wind-power rotor blade has been spinning all day.

It is plugged into the mains.

TAYLOR PARKES

Nick Cave

Björk

Rage Against The Machine

Manic Street Preachers

SECOND STAGE – SATURDAY

HAVING REVIEWED **DUB SYNDICATE** more times than is reasonable or likely in one lifetime, I don't know what more to do to get the message across, so I'm going to try shouting. DUB SYNDICATE ARE SUPERB! ALL THE DUBBY TECHNO BANDS YOU LIKE ARE UP TO THEIR ARMPITS IN HOCK TO THEM AND NOT ONLY THAT BUT DUB SYNDICATE PISS ALL OVER MOST OF THEIR DESCENDANTS!

Got that?

AFRICAN HEADCHARGE are pretty special, too, if you're still listening. And, without them, there might be no **TRANS-GLOBAL UNDERGROUND** to draw a huge and enthusiastic early afternoon crowd, of which I am the most gleeful and also the most overdressed member. Funny how the sun came out only for their set. Mind you, compared to rapper Tuup, I'm practically streaking. I've never seen a padded boiler suit before.

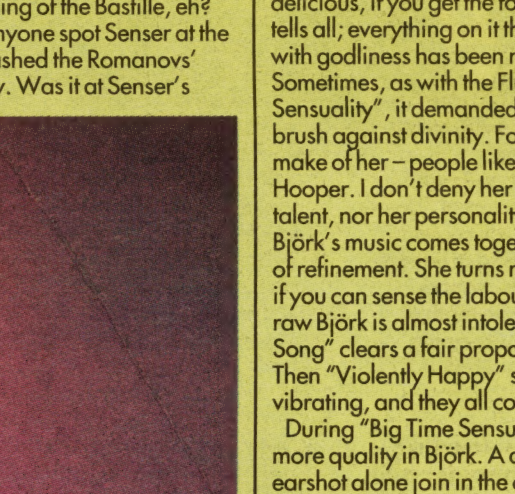
ULTRAMARINE perform with former Thieves nightingale David McAlmont. Alas, I miss this, for reasons that I can't quite remember, although the fact that I can't quite remember them may help explain what they are. Ian Gittins helpfully reports that the set was "very nice".

Last night, Rage Against The Machine's crackling show left me with the urge to torch the nearest edifice (the Pyramid Stage was handily placed, but some match-happy firefly beat me to it). Tonight, **SENSER** inspire in me no desires more radical than a ban on the playing of flutes in public places. And private places. And the f***ing moon.

Senser brim with the same frenzied righteousness as Rage but lack the bedazzling poetics, the killer sound. They just don't sway me, and I'm not the only one. Where were Senser during the storming of the Bastille, eh? Nowhere to be seen. Anyone spot Senser at the head of the mob that trashed the Romanovs' Winter Palace? Unlikely. Was it at Senser's urging that the Sandanistas overthrew the evil Somoza and claimed Nicaragua for the people? I think not. Hah! QED. There's never an insurrectionist pop band around when you need one, for the very good reason that whenever there's an insurrection, the insurrectionist pop bands are careful to be somewhere far away, where the record industry and all who work in it are not about to be melted down for tractor fuel.

I don't much like Senser.

Nor do I like **M-PEOPLE**. Nothing will persuade me to like M-People. If M-People come round to my house and take it in turns to give me blowjobs, I still won't like M-People. Especially if Mike Pickering goes first.



Apache Indian has vanished from the bill, and **US 3** have stepped into the breach. You may remember Us 3 as the jazz-hop combo whose cheeky sampling of the Blue Note back catalogue was rewarded not with lawsuits but with a recording contract (which is generally a far more effective way of taking a band for every penny it's got). You may also remember Us 3 for their nifty hit, "Cantaloop", which was so good they turned it into a fried chicken advert. On the other hand, you may not remember Us 3 at all. I doubt if many of the people who saw them today will. So off I go to shiver at the genius of Nick Cave instead.

Pure, unadulterated **BJORK** is one of the most powerful irritants known to humankind. The capering, the winsomeness, the kiddy-lisp enunciation. But what an elfin child she is, in a tight pink dress, the sexiest short person on the planet. Beautiful children know they can get away with anything.

Fortunately, adulterated, adult Björk is delicious, if you get the formula right. "Debut" tells all; everything on it that was touched with godliness has been released as a single. Sometimes, as with the Fluke remix of "Big Time Sensuality", it demanded one further push to brush against divinity. For Björk is what people make of her – people like Fluke or Nellee Hooper. I don't deny her own exceptional talent, nor her personality; my point is that Björk's music comes together through a process of refinement. She turns mannerism into art; if you can sense the labour, she's failed. And raw Björk is almost intolerable; "The Anchor Song" clears a fair proportion of the field. Then "Violently Happy" sets the ground vibrating, and they all come back.

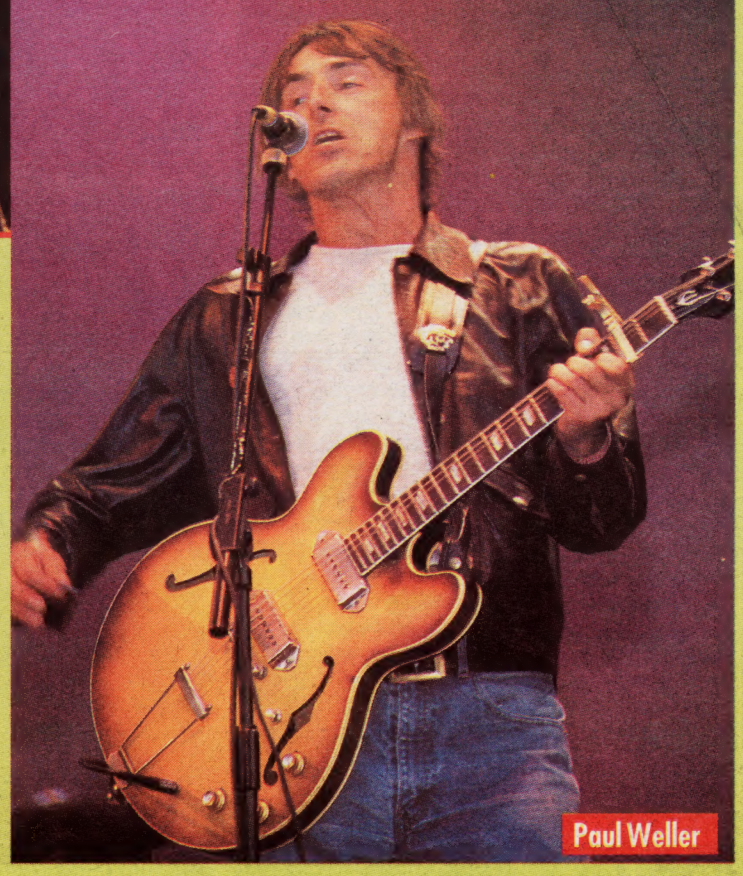
During "Big Time Sensuality", I recognise one more quality in Björk. A dozen girls within my earshot alone join in the chorus, not with the usual festive bellows, but melodically, hymnally, hands raised in invocation: *"It takes courage to enjoy it/Big time sensuality."* Jesus, she *speaks* for people. That had never occurred to me.

Having finished the above reviews, I set off to see **ORBITAL** cast their magic across the night sky, which they do, but on the way I happen across the fresh scene of a shooting (*see News – page four*). A security man tells me that three people have been seriously wounded by a man with a handgun. This sounds like serious shit. Radio 4 later reports slight injuries from airgun pellets.

It's often been observed that Glastonbury is a three-day city, and all cities have their underside. Everyone at Glastonbury is on the make; it is capitalism in its most naked form. The gun crime shows up the festival for the bubble it is, sadly. If we want to kid ourselves that people are nice, that we can all get along together, that the drug trade is harmless, that nature is our friend, then a week-end's idyll isn't long to take. But for the people who wonder why every day can't be a Glastonbury day, well, this is why. Reality bites.

It isn't Compton, but it's not Utopia, either.

DAVID BENNUN



Paul Weller

GLASTONBURY '94

MAIN STAGE – SUNDAY

Johnny Cash

OH, GOD. SUNDAY morning. Hungover. Serious veggiburger and scrumpy gutrot. And yeah, TINDERSTICKS are the perfect soundtrack for recuperation. They all look as f***ed as I feel and I can go for their rich, dark melancholy bigtime this morning. Stuart Staples' slow, heavy, Scott Walker croon weaves across the field, bodies and minds stir, and Tindersticks gently coax Glastonbury back to life.

Then there's some shit you're not interested in and, as replacement for overrated bad-tempered bastard Van Morrison, in steps Evan "Einstein" Dando and THE LEMONHEADS. I've just hotfooted it across from the incendiary Oasis so I'm up and buzzing, and thus Dando's scruffy, ambling strum strikes me as even more unforgivably lukewarm and moderate than usual. I can't remotely imagine ever being *inspired* by The Lemonheads.

Oh, I don't know why it is. I can see that Dando can write songs that are sweet and anxious and cool and full of hooks but I just can't connect with them. There's no element of surprise. So he makes a weak joke about Johnny Cash, and somebody throws their panties on stage and he makes a weak joke about Tom Jones, and I realise that Evan Dando always says and does the obvious, expected thing. Ho hum. A shame he never developed that crack habit.

The Sunday afternoon, highly ironic and oh-so-post-modern rehabilitation of a veteran mainstream artist is becoming a Glastonbury tradition. Why, over the last three years we've had Tom Jones, Rolf Harris and Lou Reed. Inevitably, the old school stars simply piss all over the supposed leftfield cutting-edge contemporary artists and blow them right out of Somerset. So a stocky American of around 50 carries his guitar onstage and utters by far the coolest words of the weekend: "Hi, I'm JOHNNY CASH!"

And Johnny Cash is absolutely brilliant, not in any super-ironic, kitsch, mock-appreciation, pretending-to-like-him manner but simply because . . . he's absolutely brilliant. He's also the funniest man in Christendom. He sings a song about a man who cries for 40 days and 40 nights and dies of dehydration, and then there's one called "Sunday Morning Sidewalk" which is such a devilishly accurate description of a hungover stupor that it makes me wince. Evan Dando should be so lucky as to write a song as good as "Ring Of Fire". Trying to send up Johnny Cash rather misses the point by a prairie or two. He's been doing it as a career for decades.

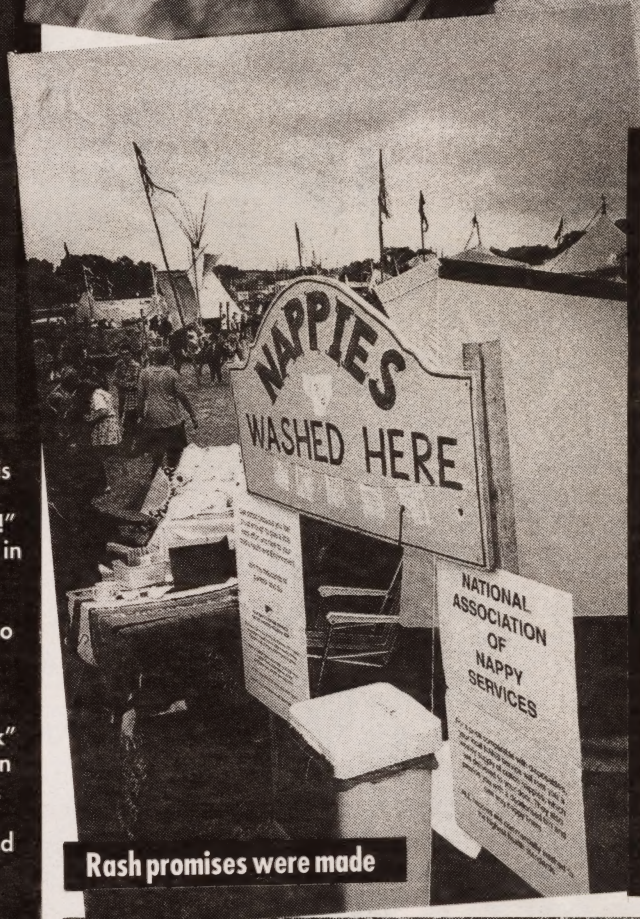
JAMES have fleshed out lately. Where they used to be a spindly, twitchy, nervous tic of a band, now their sound is more . . . solid. Tim Booth is no longer a vexed searcher but more grounded, possibly by the chip on his slender shoulder. "This is from our very popular album, 'Laid'," he says, introducing "P.S." There's a Glastonbury roar. "Don't lie, you didn't f***ing buy it!" Booth ad libs, cheerily.

James never *did* just metamorphise into Simple Minds; it's never that easy. Tim Booth has merely stopped mithering and trying to raise his consciousness via Zen/veganism/meditation/whatever and learned to be happy just . . . being himself. He's much more relaxed now, a worrying trend when James have always thrived on tension, but I reckon their Eno-produced improvisational album will give us more idea of where their heads are at now.

I've never seen PETER GABRIEL and the thought of losing this proud record makes the M4 suddenly appear intensely attractive, so I f*** off back to London.

IAN GITTINS

Horny!



Rash promises were made

FESTIVAL SIGHTS

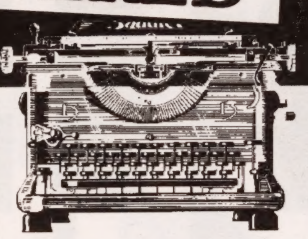
★ Dee from L7 wrestling Zack De la Rocha to the ground when he's trying to sing his most famous line.
★ Two obviously heterosexual lads violently mock-buttf***ing each other in the Manics moshpit.

What can it mean?

★ Sarah Cracknell's face 20-foot-tall on the video monitor; Nick Cave so skinny he only takes up two of the screen's eight columns.
★ Top stall names: Horn Please, Stupormarket, Candle Powered Steam Boats, National Association Of Nappy Services, Sybil Twirl's World Of Unlikeliness.
★ An "Experience the healing power of Cheops Pyramid" sign next to a pitiful three-foot-tall plywood erection.
★ A circle of miniature trees, encouraging us to get "Closer to nature", and, bang in the middle, a couple doing just that.

Some came prepared for the toilets

The SOLAR-POWERED rumour mill.



LIAM OUT OF OASIS challenges his brother, NOEL OUT OF OASIS, to a game of Celebrity I-Spy, the object being to wander up to members of minor indie bands, wave a finger under their noses, and tell them who they are. Liam scores an early Romania-style own goal by shouting *"Looosh!"* at a confused Miki Berenyi (minus five points, for f***'s sake), while Noel is disqualified for pointless surrealism in the face of TINY MONROE ("Please allow me to introduce myself, I'm a man of wealth and taste"). Neither brother notices CHRISSIE HYNDE, sole representative of the League Of Arse-Related Pop Stars (other members: RODDY BOTTUM, CHRIS REA, JUDY CHEEKS, CLEFT RICHARD).

The Maker decides to join in: BILLY BRAGG (2 pts), ALL OF ELASTICA (5 pts), TIM BURGESS (3 pts), JOHN PEEL (1 pt), SWERVEDRIVER (1 pt), "outspoken" festiphobes THE MANICS (10 pts), THE LEVELLERS (-10 pts), ROLLING STONE RONNIE WOOD (100 pts), TV's CAITLIN MORAN (0 pts), TV's Caitlin Moran's TAYLOR PARKES (0 pts), TV SIMON PRICE (0 pts). Despite the fact they'd been allocated *40* passes, no one from THE CURE turns up. But how many points would we get for ROBBIE FROM TAKE THAT, already wielding the weekend's biggest spliff, on a desperate E-hunt?

Just wondered.

Meanwhile, The Maker overhears a mischievous soul – and we think it was ANDY "DON'T GET THE FEAR ABOUT ANDY" BELL out of RIDE or his wife, IDHA – whispering, *"Pssswssswsss Simon Price pssswssswsss"*, into the ear of EVAN DANDO. Dildo stumbles over to the bar, claps an arm around the innocent hippy directly *next* to Pricey, yelling, "Simon! I'm Evan! Did you like our show?", while MM's chief Lemonhater (who is, let's face it, unmistakeable in his Lycra shorts, fishnets and Alice Cooper war-paint) calmly collects his booze and wanders away.

Dildo then wanders out to watch PULP, completely un-mindered. MARTIN CARR FROM THE BOO RADLEYS, however, feels a bobble-hat-and-shades disguise to be absolutely necessary.

As darkness falls, The Maker retires to BLUR's portakabin. Taking a breath between snogging GRAHAM COXON, our man, Parkes, discovers that Bleeeurgh originally planned to liven up their set with a 100-foot inflatable wizard with green-lit eyes, made by the designers of PINK FLOYD's flying pig, telling the kids not to take drugs (thereby cruelly traumatising anyone who already *had*). When they found out the damage (£18,000), they settled for a "Blur" hot air balloon to carry them off stage. When Damon was told even *that* would cost £8,000, he went for a kaftan and a wooden rod instead. Rock star excess isn't dead.

As the weekend dies, the lorries are taking longer than usual to roll off into the night. The reason? MIKI FROM LUSH and her bloke are lying down snogging in front of the exit, and have to be forcibly dragged away.

AFTER DARK

AS the lights dimmed on the main stage and the indie masses headed to their tents, the fun was only just beginning. With camp fires and flares sparkling on the horizon, the sound systems cranked into action. The shootings weren't the only unprecedented thing to happen this Glastonbury; yards from where an ominous police cordon marked the spot of the earlier violence, mellow party vibes flowed.

All night long, the central lanes gushed with delirious dancers following the bass vibrations from party to party. Glastonbury's ban on raves was circumvented by almost every stall on site transforming itself into a venue. A straggly bunch of ravers danced day and night outside Joe Banana's Blankets and the All Night Skins store while, underneath a huge inflatable pink rhinoceros of the "Save The Rhino" stand another loyal posse shook. On the roof of Mindscapes, a psychedelic painting shop, was a typically surreal sight – Solar Quest, a three-piece techno act perched precariously with their Rolands broadcasting improvised space music.

Tonight, the DIY illegal sound systems triumphed. The dedicated free-party promoters overthrew the rock-oriented establishment. A mass tribal gathering took place at the central meeting point – two huge parties in the Stupormarket and Smart Drinks Bar spilling out into anarchy, thanks to Brixton's Positive club-crew.

In the jazz field, legendary underground sound system Tonka stacked up their battered yellow speakers outside an Army surplus store. Until daylight, a nutty array of festi-goers danced to acid house – fat, thin, black, white, green, crusties, suburban ravers, travellers, gangstas and trip-heads celebrating together – a true gathering of the tribes. The common goal? Pagan hedonism!

Now, *this* is religion! Everyone is dancing, waving their hands in the air, wearing silly clothes and silly smiles . . . The Hare Krishna rave is in full swing, with orange-robed, bare-footed men playing electric guitars while chanting, *"Hare! Hare! Rama! Rama! Krishna! Krishna!"*

The diversity of dance culture was on show tonight. The Hub tent transported us out of a muddy festival with its star-spangled decor, immaculate sound quality, flashy lights and sweaty grooves; it could have been a Friday night in Leeds. Opposite, Sybil Twirl's Temple of Unbelievableness, hung with giant fish, boasted the bizarre thrills of Johnny Easterby, making ambient music by sawing ice and spraying lightbulbs. More absurdity in Dreams of Narnya, yes, that weird place next to the stage. It was littered with straw, lit by candles and sweet with greenery, with sounds alternating between deep house DJs and bands like dub-genii The Camberwell Butterflies.

Was this mania in the programme? Nope. This year's official After Hours took the safe form of comedy, black and white films and a Jazz Workshop pumping out all night. The highlight? London's stunning exponents of digital reggae, Zion Train, pulling off a truly spectacular performance. Two thousand people pogo-ed 10-foot in the air, rivers of sweat drenching all.

"Please donate your legs . . ." read the sign. As dawn approached up in the Green Futures field, mad f***ers peddled frantically to keep the cycle-powered disco going, while wasted characters writhed under the frame of a pyramid. Opposite, a solar powered sound system, resembling one of those wind-up carnival organs, pumped out hardcore so quietly it sounded like a hurdy-gurdy. It was like a rave in Toy Town or a club in Lilliput; everything was in miniature.

After one hell of a night, the sun rises – a spiritual experience way beyond getting drunk and watching your favourite group. F*** THE BANDS! Mass, commercial stadium stages where the herds gawp at rock stars in the distance SUCK. The spirituality of dance culture holds the true, original spirit of Glastonbury. Having failed in their desperate bids to quell raves and shut down sounds, the Glastonbury establishment relented. From Orbital heading the bill to "clubs" on every corner, it reflected the *real* underground of the Nineties.

SARAH CHAMPION

SECOND STAGE – SUNDAY

Blur

TINY MONROE HOLD UP THE bill on Sunday's second stage, but they won't be down among the also-rans for long. They're an embryonic classic pop band, with songs, look and attitude all present and correct, and singer NJ is a bit of a star. Then **ECHOBELLY**'s jaunty, chunky riffs and arch lyrics make me think of The Smiths *exactly* as much as everybody told me they would, and the leather-clad Sonya Aurora-Madan is definitely A Character: *"Scream! F***ing scream!"* she instructs Glastonbury. *"It's the last f***ing day!"*

OASIS are eagerly anticipated. The Happy Mondays-style, stroppy Northern git caper may soon pall, but they're a band blatantly on the rise towards serious stadium status and the process, as ever, is fascinating to watch. Today, they're the exact musical equivalent of a swagger, Liam *sneering* the opening "Shakermaker" like we're f***ing lucky he's sharing these genius-nonsense words about buying the world a Coke with us, right, and what is it to you anyhow? Oasis lope around Glastonbury like they own the f***ing place and their extraordinary arrogance would be insufferable were it not for the lucky accident that it happens to be entirely merited. I could do without the footie banter, mind.

I could also do without **CREDIT TO THE NATION**, who start with a song which samples Sandie Shaw's "Puppet On A String" and then proceed to state the bloody obvious again. And again and again. Musically, they're desperately thin fare and the painfully earnest MC Fusion's sociological analysis rarely develops beyond "Racism is bullshit, yeah?" and "Fascism has got to stop, right?" The new "Come Dancing" is also by far the worst song I hear all week-end and, come to think of it, has yet to be surpassed all year. It's time we stop letting Matty off because of his good intentions. Credit To The Nation are absolutely awful.

CHUMBAWAMBA's supposed shift from "dour" to "fun" has yet to have me clutching my sides. Dressing up as nuns and game show hosts isn't funny, just desperate. Next!

Ah, **PULP**. The gently droll Jarvis Cocker sits on the edge of the stage, swings his pants and tells bad jokes, and their punch-drunk pop is as quietly glorious as ever. "Do You Remember The First Time?" is quaint, fetching, and the perfect sound-track to sit back and watch the couple dry-humping on the grass in front of me.

Radiohead

INSPIRAL CARPETS, like Pop Will Eat Itself, are a band I don't love musically but enjoy at festivals for their welcome injection of personality. They still sound tinny and sludgy to me and always will, and I can't in all honesty condone Tom Hingley's tartan golfing trousers as a sartorial statement, but Glastonbury warms to their finger-diddle Hammond organ pop-by-numbers and lairy charm. The closing rap number, when they're joined on stage by a fat man from Collapsed Lung, is an absolutely horrible racket, though.

I arrive late for **RADIOHEAD** and a friend tells me "They've done 'Creep' already." I instinctively think, "It's not worth watching them, then," which is a little harsh and will piss Thom E Yorke off no end, but I'm still yet to be convinced that Radiohead, that sublime moment aside, are genuinely touched by the hand of pop genius.

Never dreadful, Radiohead are dark, dark, dark, as dark as a dark thing. And I don't doubt that Thom is a driven, genuine soul – he's certainly no faker. My misgivings about Radiohead are simply that, even when Thom is howling articulately and convincingly of his mental anguish and their white noise is hitting maximum heaviosity, there aren't enough hooks and dynamics, the very lifeblood of rock music. I'd love Radiohead to surprise me and produce a wealth of turbulent, towering new songs to prove their rumoured greatness, but I'm not holding my breath.

It took me a long time to find any merit in **BLUR**'s pastiche pop. In truth, they still don't ring utterly true to me, but their time is decidedly NOW and Damon Albarn's visage has loomed from more front covers this year than anyone else I can recall in recent years (no, don't mention Suede). I just wonder how much this is due to Damon's excellent, hyper-intelligent, journalist-pleasing interview technique and how much to their music.

Still, I have to grudgingly admire Blur's artful progress and career strategy and watch them revel in their moment. Tonight, they're crowd-pleasers who storm through most of "Parklife" with suss and aplomb. Damon is in his element, taking to the stage in Druid's robes and demanding that the audience cheer for the song they most want to hear. Later, for no reason at all, he produces a rope on stage and starts skipping. This is attention-seeking as an art form.

I'm still no fan of Damon's reedy, sing-song vocal but Blur's best moments are seductive and convincing. The lovely "To The End" is cinematic and opulent, which Blur rarely are, and they bring on "Quadrophenia" star Phil Daniels for "Girls And Boys", which is undeniably an excellent and exceptional pop song. "Why is everyone cheering?" the stoned crusty behind me asks his equally gone mate as the actor appears. "Oh," comes the reply, "Paul Daniels has got on the stage . . ."

It's Blur's night. It was always going to be. They exit to a tumultous ovation and those souls who aren't sticking around to chill out to **SPIRITUALIZED** stream away across the dark hills and tors of Glastonbury. In the distance, the hideous, pompous Q-mag whine of Peter Gabriel drones on, boasting about how he personally invented world music, and grinding through the definitively dirge-like "Biko".

It's time to go home.

IAN GITTINS